

THE MINERVA.

GET WISDOM, AND WITH ALL THY GETTING, GET UNDERSTANDING.—PROVERBS OF SOLOMON.

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VOL. I.

POPULAR TALES.

FROM THE FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN,
SPANISH, AND ENGLISH

Truth severe, by fiction dressed.—GRAY.

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE CENCI FAMILY.

(From the Italian.)

FRANCESCO CENCI was the only son of a Roman lord, who had been treasurer to Pope Pius the Fifth, and who left him a clear annual income of a hundred and sixty thousand scudi. Besides this, our miserable inheritor of wealth and impunity married a rich woman. After the death of this lady, he took for his second wife Lucrezia Petroni, of a noble family in the same city. By the former, he had seven children. By the latter, none. Francesco hated these children; and the cause is easily seen through. He led a life of the most odious profligacy, and was as full of sullenness as vice. His children were intelligent; their father's example disgusted them; and he saw, and could not bear this contrast. The account of his ill-treatment of them begins with his refusing his sons sufficient to live decently, while pursuing their studies at Salamanca. They were obliged to return to their miserable home; and here he treated them so much worse, denying them even common food and clothing, that they applied in despair to the pope, who made him allow them a separate provision, with which they retired to another dwelling. Previously to this period, Cenci had been twice convicted of a crime, and been suffered to compound for it with the pope in two several sums of a hundred thousand scudi, nearly two-thirds of his annual income. His third mortal crime now took place, and the sons by this time were so embittered by the constant wretchedness and infamy in which he kept his family, that they entreated the sovereign pontiff to put an end to his life and villainies at once. The pope, says the narrative, was inclined to give him the death he merited, but not at the request of his own offspring, and for the third time he allowed him to make his usual composition of a hundred thousand scudi.

The wretched man now hated his children worse than ever. Not content with cursing his sons, he visited his two daughters with blows, and otherwise so outraged their feelings, that not being able to bear his treatment longer, the elder applied to the pope, begging him either to marry her according to his discretion, or to put her in a nunnery. The pope took pity on the unhappy girl, and married her to a gentleman of rank named Carlo Gabrielli; making the father at the same time give her a suitable dowry. This event so gnawed into Cenci's mind, that fearing his other daughter would follow her sister's example, he cast in his diabolical thoughts how he might prevent it without taking away her life. It has been thought by some, that Mr. Shelley's tragedy must be an exaggeration. The fact is, that the historical narrative is much worse. The details of his conduct fill up the poet's outline with horrors not to be thought of. We cannot repeat what this mad and gray-headed horror (for he was now an old man) both preached and

practised in order to break down his daughter's virtue as well as heart; but he first kept her locked up in a solitary apartment, where none saw her but himself, and where he brought her stripes as well as food; and his last action—

About this period, the terrible old man received news of the death of two of his sons, Rocco and Cristoforo, who, by some means or other, both came to violent ends. He welcomed it with delight, saying that nothing could make him happier but to hear the same thing of all his children; and that whenever the last should die, he would keep open house to all comers for joy. To show his hatred the more openly, he would not give the least pittance towards interring them.

Beatrice was now beyond despair. She collected her thoughts, and wrote a letter to the pope. Let us stop here a moment, to speak more particularly of the extraordinary girl. "Beatrice," says the close of the narrative, "was of a make rather large than small. Her complexion was fair. She had two dimples in her cheeks, which added to the beauty of her countenance, especially when she smiled, and gave it a grace that enchanted all who saw her. Her hair was like threads of gold; and because it was very long, she used to fasten it up; but when she let it flow loosely, the way splendour of it was astonishing. She had blue eyes, very pleasing, of a sprightliness mixed with dignity; and in addition to all these graces, her conversation, as well as all that she did, had a spirit in it, and a sparkling polish (un brio signorile) which made every one in love with her. She was then under twenty years of age."

The letter to the pope had no effect. The MS. says that it was found in the office of the secretary of memorials; but supposes that it never could have been laid before his holiness. Cenci was still rich and powerful; and there is no knowing how many thousands of scudi he may have paid on this occasion. What renders the conduct of the pope the more suspicious is, that the criminal got intelligence of the application. It made him more furious than ever; and besides locking up his daughter, he imprisoned in the same manner, and apparently in the same room, his wife, her mother-in-law, who had already drunk largely of the family cup of bitterness. Finding every avenue of relief shut against them, and taught by the old man himself, as well as their own awful thoughts, to forego the ties of relationship, they finally resolved on dispatching him.

There was a visitor in the Cenci palace, a young prelate of the name of Guerra, who (says the MS.) was "a young man of an agreeable presence, well-bred, and one that easily accommodated himself to any proposal, good or bad." He was well acquainted with the wickedness of Cenci, who hated him for the attentions he paid his family; so that he used to come there at such times only as he knew the old man had gone out. How he gained admittance to the wife and daughter in the present instance does not appear; but he did; and finding their miseries augmented at every visit, his interest in their wretched state increased in proportion. The MS. says that he was not without a love for Beatrice; but it does not appear that she returned it. Be this as it may, having ascertained their inten-

tions about the old man from some words which Beatrice let fall, he not only approved them, but declared his willingness to co-operate in the catastrophe. The design was then communicated to Giacomo, one of her brothers, who instantly fell in with it. He had felt his father's ill treatment still more than the rest of his sons, having a wife and children whom the stipend assigned him by the pope was insufficient to support.

Cenci had taken for the summer residence of himself and family, a castle called the Rock of Petrella. The first plan of the conspirators was to hire a banditti to surprise and kill him in his way thither. The banditti took their station accordingly, but the notice of Cenci's coming was given them too late, and he got into the castle. It was now determined to put him to death in the castle. For this purpose, they hired two of his vassals, Marzio and Olimpio, who either had or thought they had cause of offence with him. The reward offered for the deed was a thousand scudi, one third to be paid beforehand by Monsignor Guerra, and the remainder by the ladies when all was over. The assassins were introduced into the Rock on the 8th of September, 1598; "but as it happened to be the day of the nativity of the Blessed Virgin, Signora Lucrezia, restrained by her veneration for that solemn anniversary, put off the execution, with the consent of her daughter-in-law, till the day following."

On the evening of that day, an opiate was put into Cenci's drink. He went to bed, fell into a profound sleep, and, at midnight, Beatrice herself took the assassins into his chamber. Having told them what to do, she retired into an anti-room where her mother was waiting. In a little while, the assassins returned, and said that their compassion had overcome them, and that they could not conquer their repugnance to kill, in cold blood, a miserable old man who was sleeping. Beatrice heard them with scorn and indignation. "If you are afraid," said she, "to put to death a man in his sleep, I, myself, will kill my father; but your own lives shall not have long to run." The men, intimidated at this, returned to the chamber. In a little time they came back. The deed was done. The assassins received their reward; and to Marzio (for what reason does not appear; probably because he had been the least backward) Beatrice gave a mantle laced with gold. The body was thrown over a terrace into the garden, so that it might seem to have fallen by accident while the old man was moving about in the night.

The women next day affected great sorrow. A sumptuous burial was given to the deceased; and the family, after a little stay, returned to Rome, where they are described as living in tranquillity for some time. In the mean while, the youngest son of Cenci died, so that there remained but two, Giacomo and Bernardo. The court of Naples, however, whose interference at this point of time is not accounted for, unless the banditti, who were from that kingdom, had let the secret transpire, sent a commissioner to make inquiries into the nature of Cenci's death. The usual petty circumstances of suspicion came out, and were laid before the court of Rome; yet the latter took no further steps for several months. Guerra, who was afraid that the assassins

might turn evidence, hired others to get them out of the way; but Marzio escaped. He got imprisoned, however, at Naples; and having made an ample confession, was sent to Rome. Here he was confronted with the Cenci, who denied all that he said, particularly Beatrice. Her extraordinary firmness and presence of mind is described as so astonishing the man, that he retracted every thing he had deposed at Naples; and rather than confess, chose to expire under the torment.

The law being now perplexed how to proceed, the Cenci were transferred to the castle, where they lived uninterruptedly for several months. Unluckily, one of the bravoes who had killed Olimpio was taken up, and confessed that he had been employed by Monsignor Guerra. Timely notice, by some means or other, was given to the bishop, and he escaped. He had difficulty in doing so, because he was a remarkable looking man, with a fair face and hair, and the officers were on the alert: but he contrived it. He changed clothes with a coal-man, smutted his face and shaved his head, and driving two asses before him, with an onion and a piece of bread in his hand, passed out of the city under their very eyes. He encountered with equal good luck the officers who were on the look out in the neighbourhood; and got safe into another country.

The flight of the prelate, however, together with the confession of Olimpio's murderer, brought the hand of the law heavily upon the Cenci. They were now put to the torture. The courage of the men was prostrated at once ("cederono vilmente," says the manuscript, and they remained convicted. "Signora Lucrezia, a woman of fifty years of age and large in person, not being able to resist the torment of the cord—(Here the original is wanting)—But not one single crinating word," continues the document, "either by fair means or foul, by threats or by tortures, could be got out of the lips of Beatrice. Her vivacity and eloquence confounded even the judges." One of them, Signor Ulisse Morcati, represented the matter to the pope, who suspected him of having been overcome by the sufferer's beauty, and appointed another in his room. The new judge ordered a fresh torture to be applied, called the "Torture of the Hair;" and when she was tied up ready for it, the rest of the family were brought in, and entreated her to confess.

At first she refused. "You would all die then," said she, "and extinguish our honour and our house? This ought not to be; but since it pleases you, so be it." She then turned to the officers to let her loose, and asked for copies of the several examinations; adding, "What I should confess, I will confess:—what I should approve, I will approve:—what I should deny, I will deny." After this fashion, says the MS., she stood convicted, though she did not confess.

The affair rested here again in a very extraordinary manner. Probably (though the MS. is far from hinting such a thing) some money matters were under the consideration of his holiness,—deep questions as to the difference of fines and confiscations. The parties were separated from each other for five months. They were then allowed to meet one day at dinner; and then again they were divided. At length, the holy father, after having

seen them all confronted, and examined the confession, sentenced them to be drawn at the cart's tail and beheaded.

Great interest was made, by princes and cardinals, for allowing the criminals a legal defence. The pope, who had shown himself hostile from the first, answered these requests with severity, and asked, "what defence Cenci had, when he was so barbarously murdered in his sleep?" At last he yielded the point, and gave them five-and-twenty days to look about them. The most eminent advocates in Rome prepared the defence, and appeared before him at the proper time with their respective papers. The first that spoke was impatiently interrupted by his holiness, who said he was astonished to find in Rome children so barbarous as to kill their father, and advocates so bold as to defend such a villany. At these words all the counsel were struck dumb, with the exception of the advocate Tarrinacci, who replied, "Holy father, we are not here at your feet to defend the brutality of the deed itself, but to save the lives of such as may be innocent nevertheless, if your holiness will listen to us." The pope, upon this, listened patiently for four hours. Tarrinacci's defence proceeded on the only possible ground, and appears to have contained a strength and eloquence worthy of his spirit. He balanced the wrongs of father and children against each other. The sons were made out to be the least concerned, and the weight of the murder thrown purposely on Beatrice, who had been so atrociously and unspeakably outraged. The pope sat up all the following night with one of the cardinals, considering the defence point by point; and the result was, that he gave the criminals a hope of escaping death, by ordering that they should again be at comparative liberty.

Unfortunately for this new and unexpected turn in their affairs, a nobleman of the name of Paolo Santa Croce assassinated, at this point of time, his own mother, for not bequeathing him her inheritance. This renewed the pope's bitterness against those who had set an example of parricide; and what increased it, was the flight of Santa-Croce, who eluded the hands of justice. He sent for the governor of the city, and ordered the Cenci to be publicly executed forthwith. Many of the nobility hastened to his different palaces to implore at least a private death for the ladies; but he would not consent. They could only obtain the pardon of Bernardo, whom the MS. calls "the innocent Bernardo," and whose treatment both past and to come is thus rendered inexplicable.

The sentence was executed on the 11th of May, 1599, on the bridge of St. Angelo. Beatrice, on receiving news of her fate, felt, for the first time, her young heart fail her; and burst into bitter and wild lamentations on the necessity of dying. "Oh God!" she cried out, "how is it possible to die so suddenly!" Her mother-in-law, whose greater age and perhaps less hope of escaping death, had softened more into patience, comforted her in the most affectionate manner, and got her quietly into the chapel. Beatrice soon recovered herself, and behaved with a gentle firmness proportionate to the wildness of her first grief. She made a will, in which she left fifteen thousand scudi to the "Confraternity of the Sacred Stigmata," and the whole of her dowry to portion fifty female orphans in marriage. Lucrezia left a will in the same spirit. They then recited psalms, litanies, and other prayers; and at eight o'clock confessed themselves, heard mass, and received the sacrament. The funeral procession called for them on its way, having already taken up the two brothers, to the younger of whom the pope's pardon was announced, informing him at the same time that he must witness the executions. Beatrice and Lucrezia were habited like nuns. On their way to the scaffold, Lu-

crezia's handkerchief was continually applied to wipe away her tears; Beatrice's only to dry up the moisture on her forehead.

When the procession arrived, and the criminals withdrew for a while to a chapel, the poor young Bernardo, condemned to see his nearest relations executed before his very eyes, fell into an agony and fainting fit, and was recovered only to be placed opposite the block. The first who mounted the scaffold was Lucrezia. In preparing for death, the drapery was discomposed about her bosom, which though she was fifty years of age, was still beautiful. She blushed and cast down her eyes, but raised them again in prayer; and then adjusting herself to the block, her head was struck off. While the block was preparing for Beatrice, a place on which some of the spectators stood broke down, to their great hurt. Beatrice, hearing the noise, asked if her mother had died well, and being told she had, knelt down before a crucifix, and gave thanks to heaven. Then, rising on her feet, "all courage and devotion," she walked towards the scaffold, putting up prayers as she went with such a fervour of spirit, that all who heard her melted into tears. Having ascended the scaffold, she accommodated her head to the block, and looking up once more towards heaven, prayed; after which her head was severed from her body. The latter underwent such a violent convulsion, that one of the legs is said to have almost leaped up. At sight of his sister's death, Bernardo swooned again, and did not recover his senses for a quarter of an hour. It was now the turn of the last sufferer, Giacomo. He first gave a steadfast look at Bernardo, and then said aloud, that if he went into a state of bliss instead of punishment, he would pray for the welfare of the pope, who had remitted the tormenting part of his just sentence and saved his brother's life; and that the only affliction he had in his last moments, was that his brother was compelled to look upon a scene so dreadful: "but," added he, "as it has so pleased thee, O my God, thy will be done." He then knelt down, and was killed with a blow of a leaden club. The executions being over, Bernardo was taken back to prison, where he fell into a long and violent fever. He was kept there four months, "when, at the request of the 'Arch-Confraternity of St. Marcello,' he obtained the favour of being set at liberty, after paying to the 'Hospital of the Pilgrims' the sum of 25,000 scudi." He lived to have a son, named Cristoforo, at the time when the MS. was written; but we know not how long the family stock survived.

Thus ended this dreadful tragedy of mistakes; in which the most privileged were made fiends, the most virtuous murderers, and the customs that undertook to punish them, were the cause of all.

THE PATISSIER, OR FORTITUDE REWARDED.

A lovely young girl was one evening returning home, heavily laden with a basket of linen, through the Fauxburgs de St. Antoine, at Paris; fatigued, and breathless, with the weight of a burthen her delicate frame was so ill adapted to, she placed it on the ground, and reclined, exhausted, against a pillar that supported a spacious piazza. At a few paces distant sat a patissier, of comely aspect, vending cakes, who eyed her with looks of concern and admiration: he quitted his stall, and begged to assist her home with her load; she thanked him in the gentlest accents, but declined the favour, saying, "Indeed I cannot trouble you, for my abilities are insufficient to make you any reward." The eye of the patissier glistened, and without making any reply, he lifted the basket on his head, and beckoning to a man, he desired to take care of

his stall, requested she would conduct him to the place of her destination.

Marian, thankful for his kind assistance, led the way to an obscure part of the town, and stopped at a mean looking house, the door of which, for the convenience of its numerous inhabitants, stood open. After proceeding up five pair of narrow dark stairs, they entered an apartment, in which every object served to show the poverty of the owner: on a tattered, and almost coverless bed, lay a woman, whose languid eye, and emaciated frame, gave evident token of approaching dissolution; a washing-tub stood in one corner of the room, at which the girl had been labouring; and, in every part, though clean and decent, he beheld signs of want. "You are very poor, my dear girl," said the patissier, with a sigh. "I told you so," replied Marian, dejectedly: "my mother is, I fear, dying, and we have scarce bread to eat." The young man, unspeakably affected, hastily put his hand in his pocket, and pulling from thence some silver, threw it, without counting, upon the table. "There," cried he, "is what I have earned to-day. I am strong and healthy, and, please God, shall soon earn more: it will do you good meanwhile;" then rushed out of the room. Marian flew after him to express her gratitude, but he was already out of sight; she returned to her mother, hoping to gladden her heart with an account of her luck, and displayed, exultingly, her newly acquired riches.

Madame Frenelet cast a faint glance over the money, and with an exertion of strength, raised herself up in the bed—"Run, Marian, run," she exclaimed; "fetch that man back," snatching, at the same time, a garnet ring from among the pieces; "on him our future fate depends." Marian instantly obeyed, but returned unsuccessful. "Marian," said her mother, "attend to me, and I will relate, while I am yet capable, particulars to you, hitherto unknown.—Your father, Edmund de Frenelet, was the son and heir of a nobleman of great possessions: my birth was comparatively obscure; and my situation lowly; yet I had, in his eyes, such attractions as induced him to solicit my hand. Unthinking of the probable circumstances, I consented, and we were married: his family soon disowned it; and, incensed at his abasement, as they termed it, wholly disclaimed him. The trifling pittance we possessed was insufficient to support us genteelly; but I could have borne indigence with tranquillity, had my husband's affection remained unchanged. Alas! he was naturally of a gay turn, and being abridged of his accustomed luxuries on my account, it soon soured his temper, and made him treat me with a kind of neglect that grieved me to the soul; in short, my dearest girl, not to dwell upon a subject that must give pain to your tender susceptible mind—he abandoned me to the utmost wretchedness, while you were but an infant: with difficulty I procured for you the necessaries of life. At length, hearing that my Edmund had, with a faithful servant who had been brought up in the family, fled to the Fauxburgs de St. Antoine, hither I followed him; but have hitherto been unable to trace the place of his residence. This ring I well remember to have been always worn by Ambrose, the youth who attended him; and whose story I will, at some future period, relate: should this be him, I may yet discover my husband. You know, my child, how hardly I have earned our daily morsel; and you, my poor Marian, are, I fear, still fated to endure all the hardships incident to our destitute situation: but, I know, I shall not have long to suffer; and I trust to heaven for its care of my virtuous child. Could I once more behold my Frenelet, I should die resigned; once more express to him the love and duty I have ever borne him, and which no circumstances could, or can, ever alter."

Madame Frenelet ceased, and Marian, flinging herself on her neck, sobbed out her grief and affection:—"Fear not, my best mother," she cried, "my industry shall yet enable us to do well; cheer up; who knows, we may see many, many happy days." Madame shook her head, but was prevented from replying, by the sound of approaching footsteps; and again the friendly patissier entered the apartment; he came to beg the restitution of his ring. Madame called him to her bedside, and, putting back the curtain, uttered an exclamation of surprise—"My good Ambrose!"—"My dear lady!" was reiterated on each side: Ambrose cast a mournful glance round the room, and his eyes rested with surprise and compassion upon Marian—"Ah, Madame!" he ejaculated, as soon as his emotion would permit him to speak, "we have all been unfortunate since we separated." Madame sighed heavily. "But, tell me, Ambrose, where is your master?" He shook his head with an air of commiseration: "Indeed, Madame, I am ignorant. I came with him to this place, but the embarrassment of his circumstances made him ill able to support me; and none of his family would countenance him. Unwilling to be a burthen to one who had so generously been my benefactor, I quitted him. Not being able to procure any other service in a strange country, I engaged in the employment you first, Ma'moiselle, saw me in, and was doing pretty well; but it gave me much sorrow to hear that my master, through idleness, and want of proper counsel, had fallen into bad company, and taken to improper habits. I have not seen him lately, but believe he is still here. This ring, the only memorial I have of my birth, I was under the necessity of concealing, lest its being seen on my finger should excite curiosity, and have constantly carried it in my pocket, till, in the agitation of my mind, I accidentally left it here to-day; which has fortunately occasioned this happy discovery."

The heart of Ambrose was too full for utterance, when he learned that his revered lady and child were reduced to take in washing and needle-work for a subsistence; and he begged with earnestness, that he might be permitted to join his mite with theirs, and work for them. Overcome by his grateful and ardent entreaties, Madame at length consented; and he accordingly took a lodging in the same house, and became one of the family, assisting Marian in every laborious employment, and constantly dedicating to their use the profits of his own merchandise. One evening, returning from his stand, he beheld a gentleman fighting with desperation against two masked ruffians: filled with indignation at the inequality of the combat, he flew upon one of the desperadoes, and wrested his sword from him; with which he manfully defended the almost overcome stranger: they were at length successful, the rebels fled, and the gentleman, turning to thank his deliverer, was instantly recognised by Ambrose to be his master's father, the Count Montaldo. "Brave fellow!" cried the Count, "you have been my preserver; say, is it in my power to serve you?—Command me to the extent of my abilities." The consciousness of rectitude, inspired Ambrose with resolution to make a hazardous attempt; and, taking advantage of the warmth which gratitude had momentarily kindled in the bosom of the Count, he replied, "My lord, if I have been the happy means of rendering you any service, it is but a part of the vast debt I owe to you, who took me, a friendless deserted orphan, under your generous protection; yet, my lord, if you are still desirous to make me your debtor, you can, indeed, do me a signal piece of service. I have a wife and daughter, pining in want: view but their necessitous condition, and I am sure it will not go unrelieved."

The count immediately consented to accompany him home, and they repaired to the humble residence of Madame de Frenelet. Her health was somewhat amended; she had risen from her bed, and with all the strength her weak limbs would permit, was folding the linen Marian had just ironed, and was about to take it home, when they entered. The beauty of the girl instantly struck the count with unconcealed admiration: a large black bonnet shaded her delicately fair countenance; and her mild blue eyes were cast with humility to the ground, while a blush of momentary shame suffused her cheek, as the penetrating eye of the count pursued her to the end of the room, whither, in fear, she retired. When Ambrose pronounced the name of their visiter, Madame, with less command of her feelings, fainted away.—“Oh, my lord!” cried Ambrose, as he flew across the room to support her, “preserve the wife, the child, of your son!” The count needed no more; he raised her in his arms, wept over her, and pronounced that forgiveness he could no longer withhold from such exemplary merit. When Madame recovered, Montaldo begged he might send Marian on some business, which request was readily complied with; he tenderly embraced her, and giving her a paper, said, “There, child, fly with that to the prison in the Rue St. Jerome, and ask for M. Frenelet; then kneel to your father, and tell him to accept unconditional liberty from your hands: nature must do the rest.” Marian obeyed with alacrity, nor returned till she brought with her the now delighted Frenelet. He flew, repentant, into the arms of his wife, and there abjured his errors: adversity had taught him prudence, and the virtue of the surrounding objects inspired him with an abhorrence of vice. The count now turned to Marian,—“My dear girl,” said he, with a smile of restrained signification, “I hope, amidst all this happiness, you do not forget the noble author of it; he must not go unrewarded; how much would you contribute towards promoting his future felicity?”—Marian blushed; “My lord, I would do all in my power, but I trust you have more ability than I have.”—“That I doubt,” replied the count; “however, Marian, no longer to disguise my meaning, I think I can read in his eyes that you are the only reward he will be satisfied with: now, if you have not a very great stock of ambition, and will accept Ambrose for a husband, it shall be my care to render your future state comfortable. Marian fell at his feet.—“My lord, direct me as you please; Ambrose has been the saviour of my family, and gratitude dictates what I ought to do; my heart is the voluntary acknowledger of his merits, and if my hand can give him pleasure, it is his.”

The count tenderly raised her, and gave her with rapture to the delighted Ambrose, who wanted words to express his feelings. “Marian,” said the count, “I approve of your conduct; and to show you the good effects of generosity, I will relate a surprising secret, with which I have but just become acquainted: know, then, that Ambrose is my nephew.” The eyes of all present expressed their astonishment; to dispel which the count began an account of the seeming mystery. “You must know,” said the count, “I had once a sister, amiable and accomplished; a young English nobleman, on his travels, while visiting at our chateau, became enamoured with her, and Julia returned his passion with equal ardour; well knowing the opposition her family would make to her union with a heretic, she eloped with him, and it was supposed they fled to England; all search had been given over, and in less than a twelve-month after, I succeeded, by the death of my father, to the title and estates. One day, the father of a neighbouring monastery, with whom I was acquainted, came to me, and informed me that a child had

been left within their gates; no one knew by whom; and, as it was against the rules of their order to admit any one under twelve years of age, besought my advice how to act. I went to see the child, and, pleased with its infantile appearance, determined to take the charge of it; little imagining it was the infant of a sister once so tenderly beloved: you, Ambrose, are that child. Suffice it, I have just received an account from father Anthony; that, after eighteen years estrangement from this child, its father, being now master of his own actions, has written to the convent to inquire the fate of it. It seems, that, instead of quitting France, they remained secreted here till the birth of Ambrose, and then, waiting only to be ascertained of its safety, repaired to England. My sister, with her husband, Lord Fitzraymond, were hourly expected to claim him.” The joy of the whole party upon this discovery, may be easily imagined; and the marriage of Ambrose with Marian was only delayed till the arrival of his parents; and, in a short time, the family were all happily re-united, to their mutual satisfaction.

THE GLEANER.

—So we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of Court News; and we'll talk with them too,
Who loses and who wins; who's in and who's out;
And take upon us the mystery of things,
As if we were God's spies. SHAKESPEARE.

Anecdote of Adam Smith.—Mr. Smith filled the chair of professor of moral philosophy at Glasgow for 12 years, with great reputation; when he was induced to quit that establishment, at the earnest request of Mr. Charles Townshend, who was desirous he should undertake the office of travelling tutor to Henry, duke of Buccleugh, it became necessary for him to resign his professorship in the college, in the middle of his annual course of lectures. He procured a literary friend, in whose talents he had perfect confidence, to finish the course; and furnished him, for the purpose, with the notes from which he had been in use to deliver his prelections; thus providing, as well as he could, that his pupils might suffer no disadvantage from the change. But still fearing that there was some injustice done to those young men who had paid the usual fees, on the faith of having the benefit of a complete course of lectures, he resolved to set his conscience at ease upon that score. After concluding his last lecture, and announcing from the chair that he was now taking a final leave of his auditors; acquainting them, at the same time, with the arrangement he had made to the best of his power for their benefit, he drew from his pocket the several fees of the students, wrapped up in separate paper parcels, and calling up each man by his name, he delivered the first man who was called the money into his hand. The young man peremptorily refused to accept it, declaring that the instruction and pleasure he had already received was much more than he either had repaid, or even could compensate; and a general cry was heard from every one in the room to the same effect. But Mr. Smith was not to be bent from his purpose.—After warmly expressing his feelings of gratitude, and the strong sense he had of the regard shown him by his young friends, he told them this was a matter between him and his own mind, and that he could not rest satisfied unless he performed what he deemed right and proper.—“You must not refuse me this satisfaction—Nay, by heavens, gentlemen, you shall not!”—and seizing by the coat the young man who stood next to him, he thrust the money into his pocket, and then pushed him from him. The rest saw it was in vain to contest the matter, and were obliged to let him take his own way.—It is not always that the speculative doctrines of the philosopher thus influence his conduct and practice.

The following anecdote is reported on the authority of the Abbe Barthelemy: “When the celebrated Abbe Prevot supped one evening with some friends, he advanced a paradox which excited their indignation. He insisted on defending, and his friends on combating his opinion. He maintained that, if every body would sit in strict judgment on himself, few would be found undeserving of the gallows. To begin, then, with yourself, said his friends.—What have you done to incur such a punishment? We have all known you from childhood; and though we allow that you were always thoughtless, and even a little free in your manner of living, none of us can recollect a single act which could subject you to death.—Because you are not acquainted with all my history, replied he. Listen for a moment—I confide in your secrecy, and my present confession to such intimate friends can be attended with no bad consequences. What will you say if I now declare that I killed my father? As if, forsooth (exclaimed one of the company) it was not generally known that your father died in consequence of a fall on the staircase. That is true, continued the Abbe, but it was I who pushed him. The fact is, I was attached to a young girl, daughter of a neighbour who lived in the house adjoining to ours, and I wished to marry her. My father not only refused his consent, but absolutely forbade me to see her. As I paid no regard to this prohibition, and my favourite's father would not admit me into his house, we had contrived to see each other, and converse on the roofs, and I introduced her into our garret. My father perceived it, and came on us by surprise. Though a worthy man, he was subject to violent fits of passion; he not only heaped reproaches on me and this poor girl, but was even going to beat her, when I stepped before him, and in the struggle to prevent his approach, I pushed him towards the stairs. His foot slipped on the first step, he fell backwards, and was deprived of his senses by a dangerous wound in the head. I raised him up, called for assistance, and put him to bed. On recovering his recollection, he was sensible of my grief, and of my assiduities; and I continued by his pillow as long as he survived this accident.—His extreme kindness for me induced him to conceal from his friends the true cause of his death, and this only aggravated my sorrow and remorse.

“This man, who reproached himself with deserving capital punishment, was fated to a still more shocking end. When walking in the Bois de Boulogne, he fell down, apparently dead, in a fit of apoplexy, at the foot of a tree. Some peasants, who found him in this condition, conveyed him to the house of a surgeon, who ordered a judicial examination. He was pronounced to be dead. On the first incision the unfortunate man uttered a horrible shriek; but the mortal blow was given, and he opened his eyes only to behold the dreadful manner in which he was deprived of existence.”

Classical Gallantry.—The following account of a new species of amorous refinement, as practised by a gentleman at Paris, is related as a fact in a Tour through France—

Mr. B— had made it a rule to gratify his five senses to the highest degree of enjoyment of which they were susceptible. An exquisite table, perfumed apartments, the charms of music and painting; in a word, every thing most enchanting that nature, assisted by art, could produce, successively flattered his sight, his taste, his smell, his hearing, and his feeling.

In a superb saloon, whither he conducted me, says this gentleman, were six young beauties, dressed in an extraordinary manner, whose persons, at first sight, did not appear unknown to me: it

struck me that I had seen their faces more than once, and I was accordingly going to address them, when Mr. B—, smiling at my mistake, explained to me the cause of it. “I have in my amours,” said he, “a particular fancy. The choicest beauty of Circassia would have no merit in my eyes, did she not resemble the portrait of some woman celebrated in past ages: and while lovers set great value on a miniature which faithfully exhibits the features of their mistress, I esteem mine only in proportion to their resemblance to ancient portraits.

“Conformably to this idea,” continued Mr. B—, “I have caused the intendant of my pleasure to travel all over Europe, with select portraits, or engravings, copied from the originals. He has succeeded in his researches, as you see, since you have conceived that you recognised these ladies on whom you have never before set your eyes, but whose likenesses you may, undoubtedly, have met with. Their dress must have contributed to your mistake: they all wear the attire of the personage they represent; for I wish their whole person to be picturesque. By these means I have travelled back several centuries, and am in possession of beauties whom time had placed at a great distance.”

Supper was served up. Mr. B— seated himself between Mary Queen of Scots, and Anne Bullen. I placed myself opposite to him, concludes the gentleman, having beside me Ninon de l'Enclos, and Gabrielle d'Estrées. We also had the company of the fair Rosamond and Nell Gwynn; but, at the head of the table was a vacant elbow-chair, surmounted by a canopy, and destined for Cleopatra, who was coming from Egypt, and of whose arrival Mr. B— was in hourly expectation.

The Pope and the Pony.—It was the custom on the eve of the day of St. Peter and St. Paul to present a white pony in great pomp to the pope, which was the homage the king of Naples paid to the see of Rome. The late Pius had received the pony in due form for his first two years. In 1777 the pony came with these words, “As a testimony only of the devotion of the court of Naples to St. Peter and St. Paul,” as if dead saints were to be mounted on white ponies. But the pope, not willing to lose the compliment, replied, “We accept the pony as a feudal homage of the crown of Naples.”

Well,—the next year the pony appeared with the same words; and with great difficulty the court of Naples was induced to send another in the year 1780. Great reforms were now in agitation; but a reconciliation was adjusted between the two parties. The pony was sent in 1781, and the mendicant friars were reduced from sixteen thousand to two thousand and eight hundred. Did you ever know such a pony?

Every year in the same manner the pony was the subject of renewed alarm; the court of Naples, continued the suppression of monasteries, and destroyed the inquisition! Still the pony trotted to Rome till the year 1788. In that year no pony appeared; and none has appeared since.

Culvart having had the honour of being presented to the pope, he appeared so embarrassed that the holy father could not forbear from laughing; and, in order to encourage him, his holiness, with much condescension, asked him if he had no favour to request—I have nothing else to beg, replied the painter, but that you will suffer me to retire.

Mr. Godea used to say, that the paradise of an author, was to compose; his purgatory to read over, and polish his compositions, and his hell to correct the printer's proofs.

THE TRAVELLER.

'Tis pleasant, through the loop-holes of retreat,
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd

COWPER

POPULAR AMUSEMENTS AT MALTA.

Among the many festivals observed by the Maltese in honour of their saints, none is celebrated with such gaiety as the anniversary of St. Paul, on the 29th of June. Early on the morning of that day, all the inhabitants of Malta who can possibly go, repair to Citta Vecchia to offer homage to the Saint, the patron and protector of that island; and visit the grotto in which he is said to have resided for three months after his shipwreck on their shore. The nobility and gentry ride in carriages, each of which carries four persons, and is drawn by a mule. The peasantry, both men and women, either walk or ride on mules, or asses. The country lasses are dressed out in their gayest attire, which they conceal beneath a black silk petticoat from the waist downwards, and by a similar petticoat, with which they cover the head and upper part of the body, leaving only the face to be seen. This curious dress is not peculiar to the lower orders alone: every description of women at Malta who appear in public, are habited in the same manner; except on some very particular occasions, when the ladies adopt either the French or English fashions. On this day the swains vie with the fair ones in the neatness of their apparel, which consists of a satin jacket, of whatever colour fancy dictates, ornamented with silver buttons, which hang pendulous on the garment. A white pair of trousers neatly fringed at the bottom, a cloth cap, of a conical form, worn on either side of the head; fancy-coloured shoes, calculated for dancing, the upper parts of which are covered with large silver buckles, that reach from the instep to the toes. By six, all the people are assembled in the old city, and a grand procession commences, composed of the bishop and the clergy, with all the insignia of the holy order. The procession being over, prayers are read in the different chapels: but divine service is performed in a superior style at St. Paul's cathedral. After having offered up their prayers, and invoked their saint and patron to pour down his benign influence on them, the people proceed, about eleven o'clock, in crowds to a beautiful valley, which is situated in the centre of the island, and is called Boschetto, from the number of orange trees, fig-trees, &c. with which it is shaded. Thither each peasant family previously sends an excellent dinner, made up of such delicacies as the country affords. On their arrival, each little party forms a circle under the shade of a fig or orange tree; where they feast on those luxuries which their honest industry allows them to indulge in once a year. Here the simple and innocent fair ones, divesting themselves of those sable coverings with which they were hitherto enveloped, display all their finery and charms. The fluctuating fashions of the great have no influence on the mode of their dress, which has been handed down unaltered for many generations, from the mothers to their daughters. A very long waist, with a stomacher ornamented with embroidery and tinsel, is the most striking part of it. The hair is combed smoothly back from the forehead, which makes their countenances appear open and ingenuous.

While the people are regaling themselves, the avenues which intersect this delightful grove are crowded with the nobility and gentry who go here on that day to enjoy the shady bowers of Boschetto, and witness the happiness that reigns on every countenance. The sound of music is now heard in different

directions. Round each performer a crowd assembles, where four young men dance in active movements, to the sprightly Maltese airs. The girls do not join in this amusement: they look on and give frequent nods of approbation to their lovers. When one of the party becomes fatigued, he is relieved by another; and thus the dance is continued for hours: but the tunes are often varied. It is curious to observe how these sports contribute to expand the heart, and excite the liberality of those who partake of them. The spectator, as well as the dancer, in the enthusiasm of his pleasure, will frequently run up to the musician and interrupt his performance, by slipping a small piece of money into his hand. While some amuse themselves by dancing, or by looking at the dancers, the attention of others are arrested by poetic swains, who, like those described in one of Virgil's eclogues, are singing the praises of their mistresses in alternate verses. The music to which the verses are sung, is wild, original, and inharmonious. The manner of their performance is this: two rustics, standing at a distance from each other, place their hands behind their ears: one begins, and sings his verse, which is answered by the other: it becomes a contest for pre-eminence; he whose fund of verses is first exhausted, loses the victory: his competitor is then crowned with flowers and orange branches, amidst the acclamations of the enraptured multitude. Now and then a young man is seen walking through the throng, who stops suddenly, and bursts into a loud, unmeaning fit of laughter, the cause of which the writer of these remarks could not learn.

The fashionable part of this assembly having passed an hour or two in contemplating this happy scene of rural felicity, return to Citta Vecchia, where they spend the remainder of the day with the parties they have formed.

The curious observer who sits on an impending rock, and views the prospect below him, thinks he sees one of those charming fairy scenes, so elegantly painted in romances, realized. A Maltese female is so partial to the amusements of Boschetto, that, before she gives her hand to her lover, he must solemnly promise to take her thither every year on the return of this festival.

The day being nearly spent in this innocent manner, free from those acts of riot and drunkenness, so common in other countries at public meetings, the people come back to the old city, where races of asses, mules, and horses, close the scene. This, by way of a farce, is the most laughable part: a road leading from the country to the city forms the race-course, which is lined with crowds of females. On a balcony near the winning post are placed staffs with silken colours flying: these are presented by the bishop to the victors, of which they make a dress for the ensuing anniversary. The ass race first begins: this animal is of an uncommon size and peculiar beauty at Malta. As many competitors may enter the lists as have asses: at a signal given they start nearly a mile from the winning post, and when they arrive at about a hundred yards from the goal, the crowd on the road is so great, that they cannot advance a step farther. The friends of each ass gather round him; some pull him forward by the ears, others push him behind; some try to carry him to the winning post, while others of the opposite party endeavour to oppose his progress. At length some fortunate party, amidst opposition, shouting, bustle, and confusion, carries off the prize, to the no small amusement of every one present. The second ass gets a prize of an inferior quality. The mule and horse races are conducted after the same manner. Night by this time comes on apace, and every one returns home, well pleased with the amusements of the day, which afford a topic of conversation for a week after.

LITERATURE.

THE NATURE, ORIGIN, AND PROGRESS OF POETRY. No. I.

Though many names of the first eminence have sanctioned the idea that the essence of poetry consists in fiction, perhaps it would be better defined as the language of passion, or of enlivened imagination, formed most commonly into regular numbers, according to the genius of every respective language, or its legitimate laws of versification. The primary aim of the poet is to please and to move. It is to the imagination and the passions that he addresses himself; and through them leads to amusement, instruction, or information.

It has been contended, and perhaps with truth, that poetry was antecedent to prose composition. Certain it is, that in the very beginning of society, men used occasionally to assemble at feasts and sacrifices, when the song and the dance constituted their chief entertainment. Indeed, in the infancy of all nations, there are found traces of poetic composition; it is natural to the simplest and the purest minds, and forms the relish of the most cultivated and civilized. Apollo, Orpheus, and Amphion, first tamed the ferocity of the Greeks by their music and poetry. The Gothic nations had their scalders, or poets; and the Celtic tribes their bards. The meetings of the North American savages are still distinguished by music and song. By these, all rude nations celebrated their gods, their heroes, and their victories. Both their music and poetry abound in fire and enthusiasm: they are wild, irregular, and glowing, like the genius of the people from which they flow.

As mankind advances in civilization, poetry assumes a new character, and is diversified into different species. An appropriate end, a peculiar merit, and certain rules are assigned to each variety. The principal are—Pastoral, Lyric, Didactic, Descriptive, Elegiac, Epic, and Dramatic poetry. The two last do not fall within our present plan to elucidate; the others will be briefly characterized in order.

PASTORAL POETRY.

Though pastoral poetry probably was as ancient as separate property, and the business of tending flocks and herds, it was not till cities were built, and mankind collected under laws, that this species of composition assumed its present form. From the tumult and bustle of crowded cities, men began to look back with complacency and delight to the innocent amusements of rural life. In the court of Ptolemy, Theocritus wrote the first pastorals that have descended to posterity; and in the court of Augustus, the divine Virgil improved on the models he had left.

The pastoral irresistibly wins the heart, by recalling the objects of childhood and youth, and painting the gay scenes of uncorrupted nature. It wakes the image of a life to which we associate the ideas of innocence, peace, and ease. It transports us into the loveliest regions: it lays hold on objects in which nature appears in her primitive beauty and simplicity. The pastoral poet is careful to exhibit whatever is most pleasing in the pastoral state. He paints its simple manners, its tranquil repose, its enviable happiness; but it is his study to conceal its rudeness and misery. His pictures are from real life, but he rejects whatever may disgust.

The scene must invariably be laid in the country, and the pastoral poet must possess a talent for rural description. To succeed, he must paint with distinctness, and give appropriate imagery. His landscape must resemble what a good painter would figure on canvass. In his allusions to natural objects, as well as in professed descriptions of scenery, he should endeavour to be clear and various; and even

to diversify the face of nature. The scenery should also be suited to the subject of the pastoral, in order to preserve unity of design.

In regard to characters, which form the most prominent objects in pastorals, they must be actually shepherds, or persons wholly engaged in rural occupations. The shepherd must be plain and unaffected, without being dull and insipid. He must have good sense and vivacity, delicacy and feeling; but he should confine himself to subjects with which he may naturally be supposed to be conversant, and avoid refinement and conceit.

With respect to the subjects of pastorals, much taste is necessary. It is not enough that the poet should engage his shepherds in general conversation: there must be an interesting topic, adapted to their situations. The passions of mankind are nearly the same in every sphere; but they are modified by situation and character. The shepherd has his ambition and his pride, his disquiet and his felicity; his rivalries, his successes, and miscarriages, all which are proper topics for the pastoral Muse.

At the head of this kind of writing stand Theocritus and Virgil. The former, however, displays a simplicity bordering on rudeness: the latter, with infinite simplicity and grace, sometimes touches the verge of affected refinement. The modern pastoral poets have generally imitated or blended those two great prototypes. Pope and Philips have chiefly distinguished themselves in this line of composition. Pope is principally distinguished for smoothness of versification and harmony, and harmony of numbers. His incidents are few, and his shepherds, like his lines, have a uniform equality. Philips attempted to copy nature more closely; but he had not genius to render her attractive. Low images offend as much in his characters, as affected refinement in those of Pope.

Perhaps Shenstone's Pastoral Ballad is one of the most perfect poems in this species of writing in the English language; if we except Allan Ramsay's Gentle Shepherd, which is without a parallel for tenderness of sentiment, affecting incident, and justness and propriety of painting. The Doric dialect in which it is written, sets off its other graces, and gives it a charm which no other pastoral poem will ever attain.

LYRIC POETRY.

The ode is a very ancient and dignified species of poetic composition, and means a song or hymn, while lyric poetry, in its general acceptation, indicates verses which may be accompanied by the lyre, or some other musical instrument. The ode still retains its original form and designation. In spirit and execution lie its principal beauties: it admits of a happy irregularity, and a high degree of enthusiasm on subjects of sentiment rather than of action.

Blair classes odes under four denominations:—I. Hymns to the Supreme Being, and relating to religious subjects. II. Heroic Odes, in celebration of heroes and splendid actions. III. Moral and philosophical odes, which refer chiefly to virtue, friendship, and humanity. IV. Festive and amatory odes, which are written and applied to promote conviviality, or to paint the passion of love, and the enchantments of beauty.

Enthusiasm is justly allowed as being characteristic of the ode, but numbers have erred from taking this privilege in too great latitude; and hence have thought themselves at liberty to indulge in any eccentricities, and to become irregular and obscure. It is not necessary indeed that the structure of the ode should be raised on principles of measured exactness; but in every work of genius, whether short or long, the parts should bear an intimate relation to the whole, and a visible bond of connexion should be preserved. The transition from thought to

thought may be rapid and vivid, but the chain of ideas should nevertheless be unbroken.

Pindar, the father of lyric poetry, by the daring flights of his genius has led his imitators into wiliness and rant. They catch his disorder, without the spirit. Horace, on the other hand, is correct, harmonious, and happy. Grace and elegance appear in all his compositions. He treats a moral sentiment with dignity, touches a gay one with felicity, and is even agreeable when he trifles. In short, he is the most perfect model for lyric poets.

In our own language, we have numerous odes of exquisite beauty. Dryden, Gray, Collins, Scott, Langhorne, and many others, need only be named to prove how successfully lyric poetry has been cultivated. Yet it must be confessed, more silly pieces are published under the name of odes than of any other species of poetry. Every person who can rhyme, thinks himself qualified to write a song or complimentary ode; but the general failure shows that this is not so easy as many are led to imagine.

THE DRAMA.

—Whilst the Drama bows to Virtue's cause,
To aid her precepts and enforce her laws,
So long the just and generous will befriend,
And triumph on her efforts will attend.

BROOKS.

CANINE PERFORMERS.

Nearly a century ago, some gentlemen, who were not tame spectators of what went forward in the world, perceiving among the play-going people of their day, a predilection for the animal creation, proposed the introduction of such beasts and birds as might appear properly qualified to fill up certain parts in the drama. But this scheme, though well recommended, and although clearly demonstrated to be practicable, even on a very extensive scale, fell to the ground. The public at large was not yet ripe for so great a revolution, nor disposed to see plays acted without some decent proportion of the human species on the stage. The record of it, however, remaining in print, the manager of one of the London theatres lately laid hold of it, studied it with great attention, foresaw the possibility of success, and the strongest probability of profit, and determined to attempt a revival of the scheme, by adding a Newfoundland dog to the other performers of a new opera, which was, to use a theatrical phrase, to be got up with all the strength, not only of the house, but of the kennel. An author was accordingly employed, who could write a part suited to the talents of this dumb candidate for public applause; and a fable was invented, such as might exhibit a dog to the greatest advantage. This was followed shortly by the introduction of a "winged" performer, in the popular drama of the "Maid and the Magpie;" and that the play-going people of this country might not lose the gratification afforded by these new candidates for dramatic fame, our managers have not been slow in imitating the example set them in the British metropolis. How well the scheme succeeded in London, the most crowded audiences of modern times, in the largest theatre ever built, have amply testified.

It does not, however, appear to have been unanimously applauded by the critics; some of whom have compared it to the practice of introducing learned dogs, horses, and pigs, at country fairs; while others have thought proper to represent it as an insult to the dignity of the drama, an infringement of the rights of man, and, probably, as the first step to the entire exclusion of the human species. Others again, whether ironically or not, we leave our readers to determine, have thought much good may be expected to result from the experiment.

So numerous, say they, are the talents of the dog, that naturalists have written prolix volumes on the subject, collected from the experience of all nations. Yet it now appears, that some of their most valuable qualities have escaped the most anxious research. They have been renowned principally for watching a house, guarding a flock of sheep, leading the blind, catching a hare or a fox, and many other tricks and stratagems becoming quadrupeds: but what are these, to that merit, hitherto not even hinted at by naturalists, which they have exhibited on the stage, not only in performing their part without the aid of a prompter, or the temptation of a salary, but in attracting the most numerous and brilliant audiences, and in drawing down bursts of applause, which the audience seems to think no other performers deserve in the same degree? It is surely no small merit to share that popularity which was once the exclusive property of the works of Shakspeare and Jonson, of Congreve and of Sheridan; and of the acting of Booth and Catterton, of Garrick and of Kemble, of Cooke and Kean, of Wallack and of Cooper.

On the part of the managers, this is an appeal to the public to quicken the efforts of those who appear to have been remiss in their duty. It is an experiment, to try whether the places of those who cannot be softened by salaries and benefits, may be advantageously filled by those to whom salaries and benefits are unknown. The trial, however, is but begun, and one dog only has been formally engaged. Who can tell how many of that species may not yet be made substitutes for the best of our authors and actors? and when dogs shall be exhausted, who shall fix bounds to the performances of cats, monkeys, and baboons? Or, what sublimity of feeling, and what closeness of attention, can the present drama produce, compared to the hopes and fears of an audience, when they shall be treated with the novel spectacle of real tigers prowling for real prey; or the more extraordinary appearance of a real lion sparing a real virgin?

BIOGRAPHY.

AN ECCENTRIC CHARACTER.

Of John Calfe, Esq. who died in the year 1778, we have the following curious particulars in the Liverpool Kaleidoscope:—

"This celebrated gentleman in early youth showed few signs of his great abilities; he was even so remarkably unpromising, that he was considered incapable of succeeding to a small independence left him by his uncle. His relatives had the cause tried at York, in the year 1750, and many supposed that he would be declared an idiot. Among various questions (to prove whether he had sense or not) he was asked in court how many legs a sheep had. Do you mean, he replied, a live one or a dead one? a live one has four, a dead one only two; the others become the shoulders. By this uncommon display of a great capacity, he was ranked by the vulgar as one of those characters who have sense but seldom show it; and he was suffered to succeed to his estate without further molestation. He now became a poet, a philosopher, and an antiquary. He celebrated in verse a certain liquor drank rather freely by the ladies of fashion in York. and though they modestly call it vapour water, he proved it to be pure French brandy. He declared perpetual motion consisted in his wife's tongue; and on account of his veneration for antiquities, the colour of his inexpressibles was green, in strict imitation of Adam.

He was nearly hung thrice: first, for shooting at a chimney sweeper, whom he mistook for the devil; secondly, for steal-

ing a halter with something alive at the end of it; and thirdly, by having suspended himself, in order to write a more perfect description of death. He kept a raven in a large iron cage, to ascertain whether or not it would live 700 years. He only once in his life visited the theatre. He was much delighted with the music at the beginning, and observing two actors come forth (in the first scene) who spoke in rather a low tone, he deliberately left the place, observing, that perhaps those gentlemen might wish to talk secrets.— Though he was extremely singular in his dress, notwithstanding the impulse of fashion, or the earnest entreaties of his friends, he never could be prevailed upon to wear a tail. He proved beyond all doubt, that man never attempted to sing until he heard the nightingale: he allowed the Greenlander to scalp the bear, and wear its shaggy honours: he suffered the Calmuck Tartar to dress in sheep skin, and the Ostiaks to decorate their heads with horns; but he could not contain his indignation when he thought that the Europeans, a civilized people, should borrow fashions from animals, and particularly that of the tail, a part of all others the most vulgar, the most ridiculous, and the most disgusting. Notwithstanding the eccentricity of his manners, he was elected alderman at York, a station which he filled for thirteen years.

He died in 1778, and lies buried in St. Michael's church in York. On his tomb stone is this inscription:—Here rests the body of John Calfe, Esq. who lived 49 years in this world, 13 of which he was alderman of York."

THE EMPEROR COMMODUS.

COMMODUS, the son of Marcus Aurelius, is to be reckoned amongst those monsters who disgraced the throne of the Cæsars. He was addicted to every vice at once, without possessing one single virtue. Several authors, from a conviction that so virtuous a Prince as Marcus Aurelius could not have given birth to so infamous a character as Commodus, have said that he was the son of a gladiator; and, indeed, the irregularities of Faustina, his mother, seem to give weight to their opinion. That unchaste woman would form connexions with men of the lowest order.

This Emperor, equally destitute of noble sentiments as his mother, and, perhaps, partaking of the disposition of a gladiator, from whom he might have derived his birth, delighted in performing on public stages. He took it into his head one day to appear in public, quite naked, with the gladiators. Martia, his concubine, wishing to enjoy the privilege which she thought she had acquired, of controlling Commodus, represented to him that what he proposed doing was unworthy of an Emperor, who ought always to conceal his failings from his people, and to strive being thought above the human race: she invited several of the ministers to second her remonstrances. There was a wise counsel, but Commodus was not wise enough to adhere to it. On the reverse, he construed it as a resistance to his will—as an attempt against his authority: in short, into a crime deserving of death. It even gave him a great satisfaction to have an opportunity of shedding human blood.

He accordingly hastened to go and write the death-warrant of those who had presumed to offer him an advice that militated against his inclination. A child, whom he had brought up in the palace, followed him into his apartment; and the boy remaining there after the Emperor was gone, took up the paper which the Emperor had been writing, and played with it for some time.

Martia, fortuitously, met the child, and took the paper from him, which she began reading. When she discovered that Commodus intended to have her put to death, she called upon all those whose names were contained in the death-war-

rant, and advised them, that they might escape their fate, to sacrifice the Emperor himself.—Her advice was approved of, and they determined to follow it without loss of time: the only difficulty consisted in knowing how it was to be done. Martia proposed poisoning him, and took upon herself the charge of administering the poison. She mixed it with some liquor he called for after exercising with some gladiators. He went to sleep, but woke again, and vomited much. The conspirators, apprehensive lest all the poison should come up, introduced into his room a wrestler, who strangled him.

When they had ascertained his being dead, they went to the house of Pertinax, prefect of Rome, in the middle of the night. Pertinax, who imagined they were come to put him to death by command of Commodus, said to them, "Death, I have been in expectation of every day for a long time past, and am prepared to meet him: strike, I dread not the blow." They told him, in reply, that far from attempting his life, they were come to offer him the Imperial crown. Commodus having died of an apoplectic fit. The man who was so well prepared to die, received the empire with joy. The next day he was proclaimed Emperor, amidst the acclamations of the people, who rejoiced at having got rid of Commodus.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

Science has sought, on weary wing,
By sea and shore, each mute and living thing
CAMPBELL.

MINERVA MEDICA.

ON TOOTHACH. No. III.

The relief of toothach when it has taken place, comes now to be considered; and here attention must necessarily be paid to the cause from which it proceeds. We shall notice first, the most common, that of a hollow tooth from decay. In this case the pain may often be relieved by caustic, or other applications to the nerve itself. These are very numerous; the following are some of the best:—Essential oils, as turpentine alone, or in combination with camphor, oil of cajeput, savin, juniper, cloves, nutmeg, &c.; ether, camphor and opium in pill, extract of bark, alum, blue vitriol, nitrate of mercury, lunar caustic, pure potash, concentrated acids, &c.* In employing the last five articles, care should be taken that they do not come in contact with the sound teeth, as they would prove very detrimental to them. From the properties and active nature of the essential oil of tobacco, I should think that it would prove efficacious: the leaf chewed has sometimes afforded relief.

Any of the above remedies may be used alone, or variously combined, and if one does not answer the purpose, another may be tried; but if relief is not afforded by any of these, recourse may be had to the chewing of those substances called masticatories; such as horse-radish, ginger, and pellitory root; and to stimulating applications externally, as cajeput oil and others not liable to injure the skin of the face. Dr. Richter has frequently relieved severe toothach by applying externally the essence of pimpinella or burnet-saxifrage, with an equal quantity of laudanum and a drop or two of oil of cloves. A small blister behind the ear often removes the pain. Electricity would probably be serviceable; sparks may be drawn from the cheek and behind the ear of the affected side. The actual cautery or hot iron to the nerve, has in some instances been resorted to, but its application is so tedious and painful that few

* All the advertised remedies for toothach, consist of some of the above articles, or substances of a similar nature; the only difference is in the price, and in the faith which many are apt to place in a remedy, the nature of which they do not know.

could bear its effectual employment. Should none of the foregoing means give case, the only remedy is extraction; but some caution is requisite in having recourse to this unpleasant operation.—There have been cases where the decay has extended from tooth to tooth, as one after another was removed, and the pain has at last fixed itself in the jaw; the sufferer consequently obtaining no permanent relief. It seems, moreover, that while one tooth is particularly affected, the caries which exists in others, does not proceed so fast, and that when that one is removed, some other one begins to decay more rapidly. I have, besides, remarked, and I may here mention it again, that sometimes when a tooth has been affected one or more times with toothach, it never afterwards gives pain. Therefore if the disorder should still attack other teeth after one or two are removed, it is advisable rather to bear the occasional pain than to have any more extracted. Where a front tooth is carefully drawn, it may be replaced, and prove serviceable again.

The accession of a fit of toothach, when a tooth is hollow, may often be prevented by observing the precautions recommended for preserving the teeth when sound, and by plugging the cavity if practicable with beeswax, lac, mastic, gold-leaf or inoil. Sometimes the person afflicted is never free from the toothach except in a dry situation.

We now proceed to consider the second kind of toothach, where the inflammation is confined to the membrane surrounding the root of the tooth. From the myielding nature of the part affected, his species of toothach is excessively severe; it is known from their being no hollowness of the tooth affected, and from its being attended with inflammatory symptoms in the cheek of the same side, and followed by swelling and suppuration, or gathering in the adjoining gums, constituting gum-bile. To produce the inflammation, leeches may be applied to the gums, or they may be scratched with a lancet; and a blister may be placed over the affected cheek. A large dose of laudanum often proves useful, lessening irritation. The head may be covered with flannel, and fomented with the steam of hot water. A cataplasm of hops may be applied to the face. In some instances, relief is obtained from cold liquids taken into the mouth, but warm applications are in general more efficacious. Electricity may be tried. Where the affection proceeds to suppuration, the abscess or part containing the matter, should be freely opened with a lancet. This disease sometimes proves very obstinate, giving great trouble on every exposure to cold. When connected with a scrofulous or other constitutional disorder, it cannot be removed but by general remedies. When the complaint cannot be otherwise relieved, the extraction of the tooth is advisable.

The third variety of toothach, that from sympathy with other parts, is known from the absence of the symptoms attending the two preceding kinds. It may proceed from rheumatism, from a gouty habit, from pregnancy, or from a foul state of the stomach. In these cases, attention must of course be paid to the cause of the affection. For that rheumatic disorder which some persons are subject to, where the pain seems to pervade the whole jaw, the remedies most likely to prove successful are the application of blisters behind the ear, and of the pimplinella to the face, and the mastication of the pellitory root; or if the gums are too tender to permit this, the use of a pill composed of the powdered root mixed up with gum arabic, which may be held in the mouth till dissolved. Electricity might possibly prove efficacious.

In concluding these remarks, let me again press on the attention of those who desire to preserve their teeth, the necessity of avoiding exposure to vicissitudes of temperature, and particularly that of

taking any thing very hot or very cold into the mouth.

E. W. W.

January, 1823.

Mint.—The juice of spear mint drunk in vinegar, often stops the hiccough. Lewis observes, what has before been noticed by Pliny, that mint prevents the coagulation of milk, and hence is recommended in milk diets. When dry, and digested in rectified spirits of wine, it gives out a tincture which appears by daylight of a fine dark green, but by candlelight of a bright red colour; a small quantity seems impervious to daylight, but when held between the eye and the candle, or between the eye and the sun, it appears red. If put into a flat bottle, it appears green sideways; but when viewed edgewise, red.

Mushrooms.—The following simple and easy method is recommended for trying the quality of field mushrooms: take an onion, and strip the outer skin, and boil it with them; if it remains white, they are good, but if it becomes blue or black, there are certainly dangerous ones among them. Where the symptoms of poison have already taken place, the medical assistant recommends an emetic; drink plentifully of warm water, and when the contents of the stomach are brought off, to have recourse to strong cordials, such as ginger tea, and brandy, with laudanum, or cayenne pepper made into pills.—The Laplanders have a way of using common toadstools, as the Chinese do moxa, to cure pains: they collect the large fungi which they find on the bark of beech and other large trees, and dry them for use. Whenever they have pains in their limbs, they bruise some of this dried matter, and pulling it to pieces, they lay a small heap near the part where the pain is situated, and set it on fire; in burning away it blisters up the part, and the water discharged by this means generally carries off the pain. It is a rude practice, but said to be very effectual, where the patient takes it in time, and has resolution to stand the burning to a necessary degree.

SACRED FIRE OF PERSIA.

In an interesting volume of Travels, by Artimi, we have the following account of a visit which he paid to the spot where issues the sacred fire of the Persians.—About the middle of the Passion-week, I perceived a party of fifteen Persians, who on inquiry, told me that they were going to see the burning ground. One of the number was Murtasa-Kuli-Chan, for whose sake indeed this expedition was undertaken. I was heartily rejoiced at this favourable opportunity of exploring a new curiosity, mounted my horse, and rode along with them. From the town to this spot it was at least twenty wersts, but the fiery appearance was to be seen every night. This burning ground is situated on a hill near a village, opposite to the island of Awscharan, which frequently proves fatal on account of the extensive breakers which stretch out from its shore into the sea; for the mariners who arrive in these parts at night, seeing the fire rising from the earth, steer towards it, and thus many of them perish. Wherever there were pools by the road-side I observed naphtha on their surface: this substance is collected in all parts of the environs of Baku, and constitutes one of the principal articles of the trade of that town. The burning spot is enclosed with a stone wall, at least a hundred ells in circumference. The Persians residing there showed Murtasa-Kuli-Chan whatever they thought worthy of notice, with all the respect due to the brother of the sovereign of Persia. Within the wall, which was built in ancient times by fire-worshippers, are apartments and likewise cells, in which the inhabitants of the adjacent vil-

lage reside in winter. In the centre of each of these apartments or cells is a hole, in which a round earthen vessel without bottom, called *tonir*, is set for the purpose of baking bread or cooking victuals. To make a fire, the people scrape away a little of the surface of the earth, set light to it, and it is soon in a blaze. When the *tonir* is heated, they stick the dough in not too large lumps round about it, and in this manner the bread is soon done; or they set a pot on the aperture at the top of this hollow vessel, and thus dress their provisions. To extinguish the fire a little common mould is thrown upon it. In the roofs of these habitations there is always a hole to serve for the admission of light as well as the escape of smoke. The spot on which the fire is constantly burning is not more than four fathoms in circumference. The soil in general is argillaceous and white; the fire issues from it as if blown out by wind, and is merely to be seen on the surface of the soil, the appearance of which is not in the least changed by it. The whole space enclosed by the wall consists of soil susceptible of inflammation, which is kindled and extinguished in the manner already described. The surface, like that of all clayey soils, has many small cracks and clefts, whence an inflammable vapour is continually issuing. The Persians informed us, that if a fire were made in the rooms, and the hole for the exit of the smoke closed, and the door shut, both would be immediately burst open with an explosion resembling that of gunpowder; and an experiment was made in our presence for the satisfaction of Murtasa-Kuli-Chan. In the middle of the enclosure is a well, seven *arschines* in depth, in which was to be seen a little water. The upper part was walled with rough stone, but the mouth is not much more than an *arschine* in length. This was covered with felt, which was nailed on; a stone weighing at least a *pu* was laid on the middle of it, and a lighted brand was dropped underneath it into the water. A rumbling like that of distant thunder was immediately heard at the bottom of the well: it lasted about two minutes, and then projected the stone above the wall surrounding the top of the well. We were shown some Indians, who had just fallen on their knees to pay their adorations to this fire, which they hold sacred. They then fill, as we were told, their leather bottle, called *tusluk*, with the gas which issues from the crevices, and carry it away with them as something peculiarly holy. On reaching their homes they perforate the *tusluk* with some sharp instrument, and apply a light to the very small aperture: the gas issuing from it, which till then was invisible, takes fire and burns till it is all consumed; and herein consists one of their most solemn devotions. To exemplify this, a *tusluk* closely bound up at one end was held with the other over such a crevice. When filled with the vapour, the end was tied up; it was then pricked with a pin and fire applied to the hole. A small jet of fire immediately burst from the imperceptible hole, and lasted till the gas in the *tusluk* was exhausted.

This vapour, composed of naphtha and sulphureous particles, is extremely heavy, and we could not endure it above three hours. The people resident here, assert, that a hearty man, not accustomed to it, could not abide in it more than two days without running the greatest risk of his life.

NATURAL HISTORY.

Sagacity of the Mouse.—There is nothing about Husafell, in Iceland, deserving of notice except its mouse; the history of which has rendered it more famous than other parts of the island where the same zoological phenomenon has not presented itself. This animal, which is supposed by Alafsen and Poreslen to be a variation of the wood or economical mouse,

displays a surprising degree of sagacity, both in conveying home its provisions, and the manner it stores them in the magazine appropriated for that purpose. In a country, says Mr. Pennant, where berries are but thinly dispersed, these little animals are obliged to cross rivers to make their distant forages. In their return with their booty to their magazines, they are obliged to re-cross the stream; of which Mr. Alafsen gives the following account:—"The party which consists of from six to ten, select a piece of dried cow-dung, on which they place the berries on a heap in the middle; then by their united force, bring it to the water's edge, and, after launching it, embark, and place themselves round the heap, with their heads joined over it, and their backs to the water, their tails pendent in the stream, serving the purpose of rudders." Having been apprised of doubts that were entertained on this subject, I made a point of inquiring of different individuals as to the reality of the account, and I am happy in being able to say, that it is now established as an important fact in natural history, by the testimony of two eye witnesses of unquestionable veracity, the clergyman of Briamslek, and Madame Benedictson, of Stickselholm; both of whom assured me that they had seen the expedition performed repeatedly. Madame B. in particular, recollected having spent a whole afternoon, in her younger days, on the margin of a small lake on which these navigators had embarked, and amused herself and her companions by driving them away from the side of the lake as they approached them. I was also informed that they make use of dried mushrooms, as sacks, in which they convey their provisions to the river, and thence to their homes.—Nor is the stricture of their nests less remarkable. From the surface of the ground, a long passage runs into the earth, similar to that of the Icelandic horses, and terminates in a large and deep hole, intended to receive any water that may find its way through the passage, and serving at the same time as a place for their dung. About two-thirds of the passage in, two diagonal roads lead to their sleeping apartment and to their magazine, which they always contrive to keep free from wet.

Gigantic Crane.—This bird is of a very large species, measuring from tip to tip of the wings fourteen feet ten inches; and from the tip of the bill to the claws, seven feet and a half. It inhabits Bengal, and is also found at Calcutta.

One of these, a young bird, about five feet in height, was brought up tame, and presented to the Chief of the Bananas; and being accustomed to feed in the great hall, soon became familiar; duly attending that place at dinner-time, placing itself behind its master's chair, frequently before any of the guests entered. The servants were obliged to watch it narrowly, and to defend the provisions with switches in their hands: but, notwithstanding this, it would frequently snatch off somewhat or other, and was known once to have purloined a whole boiled fowl, which it swallowed in an instant. Its courage is not equal to its voracity; for a child of eight or ten years old soon puts it to flight with a switch, though at first it seems to stand upon its defence, by threatening with its enormous bill, widely extended, and crying out with a loud hoarse voice, like a bear or tiger. It is an enemy to small quadrupeds, as well as birds and reptiles, and destroys fowls and chickens, though it dare not attack a hen with her young openly: it preys also on rats, young kittens, and the like, and has been known to swallow a cat whole: a bone of a shin of beef being broken asunder, serves it but for two morsels.

This bird used to fly about the island, and roost very high among the silk cotton trees; from whence at two or three miles distance, it could spy the dinner carrying across the yard; when, darting

from its station, it would enter promiscuously with the women who carried in the dishes. When sitting, it was observed to rest itself on the whole of the hind part of the leg. It sometimes stood near, for half an hour after dinner, with the head turning alternately, as if listening to the conversation.

Crested Grebe.—It is the size of a duck, and is not uncommon in some parts of England. The female lays four white eggs, the size of those of a pigeon: the nest is of a large size, and formed of bog-bean, stalks of water-lily, pond-weed, and water-violet, floating independent among the reeds and flags; the water penetrates it, and the bird sits and hatches in that condition. It feeds the young with small eels; and will carry them, when tired, on its back: it is seldom or never seen on land: it is a quick diver, and difficult to be shot, as it darts down on the least appearance of danger; and seldom flies farther than the end of the lake it frequents.

Faithful Jacana.—This bird inhabits the lakes near the river Cinu, in South America. It cannot run, unless assisted by the wings at the same time. The natives, who keep poultry in great numbers, have one of these tame, which goes along with the flock about the neighbourhood to feed during the day, when this faithful shepherd defends them against birds of prey; being able, by means of spurs on the wings, to drive off birds as big as the carrion vulture, and even that bird itself. It is so far from the greatest use, as it never deserts the charge committed to its care, bringing them all home safe at night. It is so tame as to suffer itself to be handled by a grown person; but will not permit children to attempt the same.

Golden Oriole.—This is a beautiful species; is the size of a blackbird, and is pretty common in several parts of Europe. The nest is of a curious construction, but perhaps not quite so as in some of the orioles. It is of the shape of a purse, fastened to the extreme divarications of the outmost twigs of tall trees, and composed of fibres of hemp or straw, mixed with fine dry stalks of grass, and lined within with moss and liverwort. The female sits three weeks, and is observed to be very tender of her young, fearing nothing for their defence; not unfrequently will suffer herself to be taken with the eggs and nest, and continue to sit upon them in a cage till she dies.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY NOTICES FROM FOREIGN JOURNALS.

Hydrogen Gas from Marshes.—I have often been obliged (says a French writer,) to breathe the sulphurated hydrogen gas whilst crossing the marshes, when the feet of my horse disengaged it by stirring up the mud. I experienced a disagreeable sensation and a general debility, of which my horse evidently partook, as he became insensible to both rod and spur.

Astronomy.—The Astronomers on the Continent appear to have been actively employed during the last year in observing the three comets which were first discovered by M. Pons, at Marlia, and subsequently by other Astronomers. From the north to the south of Europe, the Journals are filled with observations and calculations relative to these singular visitors of our system. Every principal Observatory, from Prague to Milan, appears to have directed its attention to these objects; and the favourable state of the weather has enabled the observers to pursue their researches with unexampled success.

Lusus Nature.—A very extraordinary fish, of the sole kind, was taken in the Eden, at Rockliff, England, by John Cart-

ner, innkeeper there. It was formed alike on both the upper and under parts; that is, the belly could not be distinguished from the back, and it was furnished with two pair of fins and gills, and four eyes—the mouth as usual. It lived three days in water, and might have been preserved longer, had it not been injured by the handling.

Peruvian Curiosity.—Among the curiosities brought over to England by the envoys from Peru, is the umbrella formerly held over the head of the Viceroy, when he ascended his carriage, and on other occasions when he went out on foot. It is three times the size of a common umbrella, almost flat when extended, and covered with fine damask velvet, surmounted with two rows of rich gold lace. The mountings are brass, and the pole gilt.

Mr. J. B. Say, so justly celebrated throughout Europe for his writings on Political Economy, has established at his house, in Paris, a series of conversations on Political Economy, for the benefit of those who may wish to acquire an extended knowledge of that interesting science.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SCHOOLS. No. IX.

DRURY'S GEOGRAPHY.

Mr. Editor.—I called last evening on a friend, to spend a few minutes with his interesting family. "I am happy to see you," said he; "Henry has obtained a new geography, and has just observed that he wished you would come and see us, for he is sure you will like it better than any you ever saw. Henry is an interesting boy, nine years of age, and a dutiful son." Well, Henry, said I, what book is this which so interests you? "It is Mr. Drury's geography," said he; "and if this is all of geography, I am sure I can learn it all in one quarter. Here are only forty pages to learn, and forty maps; and don't you think (handing me the book) I can learn all this in one quarter? Papa says I may learn French as soon as I know English grammar and geography." What! said I, a geography of forty pages and forty maps? This forty is a peculiar number, Henry; I remember that Blackstone said that anciently, no man was suffered to abide in England above forty days, unless he was enrolled in some tithing. And, by privilege of parliament, members of the house of commons are protected from arrest forty days before the next appointed meeting, and forty days after every prorogation. The acts for preventing the introduction of the plague, direct that persons coming from infected places must remain on shipboard forty days before they be permitted to land. Perhaps the word *quarantine* comes from this source.

Besides, it may be remarked, that the preference to the number forty is not confined to matters of time only. Forty shillings is the qualification of a freeholder at an election; forty shillings the limited value for causes in the county courts, courts baron, &c. in England. It is possible that the preference for this number arose from finding that this period was connected with some remarkable events in history. As that the diluvial rain lasted forty days; the fasts of Moses and Elijah lasted forty days; the christian lent lasts forty days; and many others, which I am sure never occurred to the author of this work.—Now I will look at your book, Henry.—I found it was entitled "geography for schools, upon a plan entirely new, consisting of an analytical arrangement of all the great features of nature, particularly adapted to an atlas of forty luminous and concise maps," &c. "by Luke Drury, A. M." I gave this work as critical an examination as an evening's conversation would admit. I found some things

to object to: I thought that a better arrangement of the maps might be made; particularly that of the globe on Mercator's projection, which is last; it should be first:—that those which show the great natural divisions of the earth should immediately follow; then the sub-divisions of the four quarters into states and kingdoms; and that the lines of latitude and longitude should be traced on the maps. Henry appeared disposed to dispute my last positions. He said he could never remember the latitude and longitude of every place. "Besides," said he, "you see each country and state has the latitude and longitude on the map within which it is bounded." This fact has escaped my observation, and, upon reflection, I am disposed to believe, that it is as much as a scholar need regard when learning the great geographical features of the earth, and its political divisions. Particular localities should be left to topographical geography. I gave up the last point, but insisted on the first.

I have been convinced that maps were the only rational and expeditious means of teaching geography ever since I first engaged in teaching a school. I now take the liberty to express my opinion of this work. To furnish maps containing all that is necessary, and to bring their cost within the reach of the great mass of pupils, is the grand desideratum. The arrangement of the matter, and the manner in which it is brought out in this publication, I conceive to be preferable to that of any other work of the kind. The first step was to arrange the great political divisions of the earth on separate plates, or maps; on these are shown, in regular succession, the capes, mountains, islands, water divisions; as oceans, seas, gulfs, straits, &c. lakes, rivers, and their tributaries; then the principal towns. These are all described in a satisfactory manner in the index. The extent of the lakes is given where good authority could be found for it; the length of the rivers, height of the mountains; the density of population; and a general statistical table; which shows to the pupil at once all that he needs to treasure up in his mind while going through a course of geographical studies at school. The atlas is so full, and so concise, that the pupil finds all that is needed without distracting the mind with looking for a locality among a thousand useless names of towns and villages, which never are heard of, but in the geography, or stuck on the maps, confusing the sight and distracting the memory.

The author's manner of using this book is, "to detail any suitable portion of the tables of countries to be bounded, or of capes, mountains, or islands, to be found; and let the pupil refer to the maps for their situation, &c. and to engross the particulars of their boundaries or situation from memory into his manuscript book; by which means he will soon have a complete compend of geography, derived from the only proper source; his memory will be very much strengthened; his penmanship improved, and his style very profitably exercised."

I cannot close my remarks without recommending this work as preferable to every other school geography and atlas that has come under my observation. All can be learned from this book, which costs no more than two dollars, that can be found on maps which sell at one hundred dollars. The labour of the teacher is abridged three fourths; more than three fourths of the scholar's time is saved; nine tenths of the cost for books and maps is avoided; and the science is rendered substantially useful and truly pleasing. What has heretofore been the labour of years, may be now acquired in a few months; and a great part of the precious time of youth saved, to be profitably employed in other necessary studies.—I am proud that the author has added another important item to the literary character of our country; and should recommend

him to take measures to have his atlas published in Europe, and in every considerable town in the United States. I would not have it understood that this work is made exclusively for common schools. It is as much superior to any other for the gentleman and classic scholar, and our academies and colleges, as it is for the schools for primary instruction; and every person who reads a newspaper should have one of them. My object in writing for the MINERVA, on the subject of schools, was mainly to notice such improvements as my experience had rendered necessary; and to recommend such books, as in my judgment, were eminently entitled to public patronage. I hope to be able to serve the author; who has devoted much time and study to the perfection of his plan, and a generous public who must be greatly benefitted by his labours.

T. D.

New-York, Jan. 18, 1823.

EDITORIAL NOTICES.

No. XLIV. of the MINERVA will contain the following articles:

POPULAR TALES.—*The Red Nose.*—*The Curate of Seathwaite.*

THE TRAVELLER.—*Journey over Mount Gothard to Lucerne; from the Journal of a Traveller, No. I.*

LITERATURE.—*The Nature, Origin, and Progress of Poetry, No. II.*

THE DRAMA.—*A Scene from Virtue's Harvest Home.*

BIOGRAPHY.—*Thomas Britton, the Musical Small Coal-Man.*

ARTS AND SCIENCES.—*Royal Society of London.*—*Headaches and Apoplexy.*—*Botanical Effects of Climate.*—*Scientific and Literary Notices from Foreign Journals.*—*Natural History.*—*Naturalist's Diary for February, &c.*

POETRY, GLEANER, RECORD, ENIGMAS, CHRONOLOGY.

THE RECORD.

—A thing of Shreds and Patches!—HAMLET.

A prospectus has been issued for publishing a new edition of the "American Biographical Dictionary, or Remembrancer of departed heroes, sages, and statesmen, who signalized themselves in either capacity in the Revolutionary War, which obtained the independence of the United States." By Mr. Thomas I. Rogers, of Easton, (Penn.) and a member of Congress from that state.

Tobacco has been successfully cultivated on the river Huron, the past season; it yields a handsome profit to the cultivator.

One hundred hogheads of Tobacco are expected to be shipped in the spring from Quebec, and the year after ten times that quantity. It is stated to be of a better quality than the Virginian tobacco.

A proof printing press, recently invented by Mr. Adam Ramage, of Philadelphia, for the use of newspaper printing offices, is now in operation at the office of the National Gazette, in that city.

Among a list of articles lately placed in Peale's Museum, Baltimore, is part of the stump of a Cyprus tree, which measured 38 feet in circumference. This, with hundreds of others, are exposed to view, by the washings of the Rappahannock, at the depth of 48 feet from the surface of the earth, on the estate of Manuel Peck, Esq. Richmond county, Virginia.

MARRIED,

Mr. David Brinkerhoff to Miss Matilda Seely.

Mr. William Mulock, Esq. to Miss Louisa Van Buskirk.

Mr. Timothy Cornwell to Miss Mary Sharp.

Mr. Henry S. Meeks to Miss Eliza Bennett.

Mr. Louis Perego to Miss Mary Ann Cooper.

Mr. Robert Strong to Miss S. M. Holmes.

M. Christian Hartall to Miss M. Thompson.

DIED,

On the 22d. ult. Mr. Frederic Jones, aged 31 years.

On the 25th ult. Mr. Joseph Ture, aged 48 years.

On the 24th ult. Mrs. Ann Maria Fuller, aged 31 years.

Mrs. Julia Irving.

Mrs. Phebe Dougherty, aged 40 years.

POETRY.

"It is the gift of POETRY to hallow every place in which it moves; to breathe round nature an odour more exquisite than the perfume of the rose, and to shed over it a tint more magical than the blush of morning."

For the Minerva.

TO LAURENT.

As travellers on some hill reclined,
That overlooks the plain,
In thought to scenes they've left behind
With pleasure turn again:

I seek at midnight's stillly hour,
On fancy's wings of light,
Full many a spot which mem'ry's power
Portrays in vision bright.

And oh! how grateful thus to rove
With bosom bounding high,
O'er blooming scenes we us'd to love,
While distant friends seem nigh.

My heart is sad till fancy comes,
An ever welcome guest,
Bears me away, and with me roams
Where mem'ry loves to rest.

Wrapt in her arms, of late I stood
By Hudson's splendid bay:
Laurent, with thee, methought I view'd
The scene that round me lay!

It was not new, but oh, how fair!
To make it doubly sweet,
Fancy had brought thee, Laurent, there:
How lovely, but how fleet!

Alas! the picture sunk away
Like snow-flake in the stream:
Joyless I woke to morning's ray,
And wish'd again the dream.

I sighed to dream; for life's wide sea
Expands my eyes before;
No star lights up its waves for me,
'Tis gloom from shore to shore:

And only Fancy's wondrous art
Can soothe my soul awhile;
Bid dull reality depart,
And scenes enchanted smile.

LAURENCE.

For the Minerva.

There is a bright hour in our life,
Which sheds a glory o'er the rest;
Which calms the waves of jarring strife,
And soothes the tumults of the breast.

It is an hour, when hope beats high;
When fancy decks each future scene;
When pleasure sparkles in the eye,
And throws around its dazzling beam.

It is an hour, when dimpling smiles
And tender greetings touch the heart;
When pleasing thought our care beguiles,
And blunts the edge of memory's dart.

O that each hour might be like this,
When sorrow, grief, and every pain,
Are swallow'd up in happiness,
And earth is Paradise again.

L.

THE COLLEGEIAN AND THE PORTER.

At Trin. Coll. Cam.—which means, in proper spelling,
Trinity College, Cambridge,—there resided
One Harry Dashington—a youth excelling
In all the learning commonly provided
For those who choose that classic station
For finishing their education:—
That is—he understood computing
The odds at any race or match;
Was a dead hand at pigeon-shooting;
Could kick up rows—knock down the watch—
Play truant and the rake at random
Drink—the cravats—and drive a tandem.
Remonstrance, fine, and rustication,
So far from working reformation,
Seem'd but to make his lapses greater,
Till he was warn'd that next offence
Would have this certain consequence—
Expulsion from his Alma Mater.

One need not be a necromancer
To guess that, with so wild a wight,
The next offence occur'd next night;
When our Incurable came rolling
Home as the midnight chimel were tolling,
And rang the College bell.—No answer.—

The second peal was vain—the third
Made the street echo its alarm;
When to his great delight he heard
The sordid Janitor, Old Ben,
Rousing and growling in his den.—

"Who's there?—I suppose young Harum-scarum?"
" 'Tis I, my worthy Ben—'tis Harry."
"Ay, so I thought—and there you'll tarry."

'Tis past the hour—the gates are closed,
You know my orders—I shall lose
My place if I undo the door."

"And I"—(young Hopeful interposed)
"Shall be expelled if you refuse,
So pry'thee"—Ben began to snore.—

"I'm wet," cried Harry "to the skin,
Hip! halo! Ben—don't be a ninny;
Beneath the gate I've thrust a guinea,
So tumble out and let me in."

"Humph!" growl'd the greedy old curmudgeon,
Half overjoy'd and half in dudgeon,
Now you may pass; but make no fuss,
On tiptoe walk, and hold your prate."

"Look on the stones, old Cerberus,"
Cried Harry as he pass'd the gate,
"I've dropp'd a shilling—take the light,
You'll find it just outside—good night."

Behold the porter in his shirt,
Cursing the rain which never stopp'd
Groping and raking in the dirt,
And all without success; but that

Is hardly to be wonder'd at,
Because no shilling had been dropp'd;
So he gave o'er the search at last,
Regain'd the door and found it fast!

With sundry oaths and growls and groans,
He rang once—twice—and thrice; and then,
Mingled with giggling heard the tones
Of Harry mimicking old Ben.—

"Who's there?—'Tis really a disgrace
To ring so loud—I've look'd the gate—
I know my duty—'Tis too late—
You would not have me lose my place!"

"Psha! Mr. Dashington: remember,
This is the middle of November.
I'm stripp'd;—'Tis raining cats and dogs."
"Hush, hush!" quoth Hal: "I'm fast asleep;"

And then he snored as loud and deep
As a whole company of hogs.
"But, harkye, Ben, I'll grant admittance
At the same rate I paid myself."

"Nay, master, leave me half the pittance,"
Replied the avaricious elf.
"No; all, or none—a full acquittance!
The terms, I know, are somewhat high:
But you have fix'd the price, not I—
I cannot take less than you don't afford it."

So, finding all his haggling vain,
Ben with an oath and groan of pain
Drew out the guinea, and restored it.
"Surely you'll give me," growl'd the outwitted
Porter, when again admitted,

"Something, now you've done your joking,
For all this trouble, time, and soaking!"
"Oh, surely—surely," Harry said;
"Since, as you urge, I broke your rest,
And you're half-drown'd, and quite undress'd,
I'll give you—leave to go to bed!"

TO A TEMPERATE MORNING IN JANUARY.

Hail! mild-eyed morn: for thou art soft and fair
As breaks upon the bosom of the day,
Where the blue violet bares
Her bosom to the breeze.

Come, and the light-wing'd spring shall drop a smile,
Sweet premature! purs'd on old winter's breast,
Shall lift her blue-soft eye,
And wanton in thy beam.

Lamp of the wintry world, thou Heav'n's-lit sun,
Oh! haste and woo the young reluctant maid,
And bid her humid lip
Drop with the ripen'd balm.

Come, chaste-eyed god, while yet the ice-hung clouds
Around thy throne in wintry glory ride,
The Virgin loves thy sight
While yet its blaze is dimm'd.

For soon, where glowing with the ardent fire
Of strong-soul'd passion, in the seraph mind
Shrinks from the solar noon,
Gathers the sweets, and flies.

Propitious morn! my melancholy Muse
Drops her cold tear upon the bloomless earth;
Reflecting man like thee
May totter to his tomb.

Yet even when summer's flushing cheek was full,
I've seen the pale rose wither on her thorn,
And shrink, like injur'd worth
From sullen scornful pride.

THE MOSLEM BRIDAL-SONG.

FROM THE ITALIAN.

There is a radiance in the sky,
A flush of gold and purple dye.
Night lingers in the west,—the sun
Floats on the sea.—The day's begun.

The wave slow swelling to the shore
Gleams on the green like silver ore;
The grove, the cloud, the mountain's brow,
Are burning in the crimson glow;
Yet all is silence,—till the gale
Shakes its rich pinions from the vale.

It is a lovely hour,—though Heaven
Had ne'er to man his partner given,
That thing of beauty, fatal, fair,
Bright, fickle—child of flame and air;
Yet such an hour, such skies above,
Such earth below, had taught him Love.

But there are sounds along the gale;—
Not murmurs of the grot or vale—
Yet wild, yet sweet, as ever stole
To soothe their twilight wanderer's soul.
It comes from yonder jasmine bower,
From yonder mosque's enamell'd tower,
From yonder harem's roof of gold,
From yonder castle's haughty hold:
Oh strain of witchery! whose'er
That heard thee, felt not joy was near?
My soul shall in the grave be dim
Ere it forgets that bridal hymn.
'Twas such a morn, 'twas such a tone
That woke me;—visions! are ye gone?

The flutes breathe nigh,—the portals now
Pour out a train, white veiled, like snow
Upon its mountain summit spread,
In splendor beyond man's rude tread;
And o'er their pomp, emerging far
The bride, like morning's virgin star.
And soon along the eve may swim
The chorus of the bridal hymn;
Again the bright procession move
To take the last, sweet veil from Love.
Then speed thee on, thou glorious sun!
Swift rise—swift set—be bright—and done.

TO THE MOON.

Thou beauteous Regent of the silent hours
When wearied nature sinks into repose,
And some a respite to their numerous woes
Find, when o'ercome by sleep's oblivious powers,
All hail! For oft by thy sweet presence cheer'd
Mid lonely scenes, my mind hath comfort found—
Perchance when listening to the murmuring sound
Of rippling, in whose crystal waves appeared
Thy silver face reflected—or among
Embowering shades would catch a frequent gleam,
Whilst, seemingly enraptured with thy beam,
Loved Philomela sang her sweetest song
How welcome, Cynthia, is thy cheering light
To chase away the gloom that clouds the brow of night

ENIGMAS.

"And justly the wise man thus preach'd to us all,
Despise not the value of things that are small."

Answers to Puzzles in our last.

PUZZLE I.—Because it shoots from the eye.
PUZZLE II.—The Eye.

Solution of Charades.

I.

No COURT is held unless a Monarch sways;
A ship our commerce bears to distant lands:
And oft the day is hail'd with joyful lays
When COURTSHIP'S name is lost in Hymen's hands.

II.

When man is just, each virtue brighter shines:
In ice the sluggish streams are bound by frost:
An honest mind to Justice still inclines:
What state can prosper if its power is lost?

NEW PUZZLES.

REBUS.

EXPUNGE from a figure in rhetoric a letter,
Then see the sweet charms to which beauty's a debtor,
The finest cosmetic applied to the face,
To brighten the features and add to their grace,
That may safely be us'd by the young and the old,
And never was tax'd, though sometimes 'tis sold.

RIDDLE.

When night has spread her sable hue,
And veil'd the earth in sleep;
When fairies sip the crystal dew,
Of at dull mortals peep.

My riddle then illumines the plain,
And sheds a glowing light,
Whilst all the pigmy, little train
Declare 'tis wondrous bright.

Then tell me, ye who mightily roam—
Is it a lunar beam?
Or ye, who always stay at home—
Pray, light Saturn's gleam!

CHRONOLOGY.

The Christian Era.

- 532 Great sedition and insurrection at Constantinople: suppressed, after much bloodshed. Cavades, or Cavades, King of Persia, succeeded by his son Chosroes.
- 533 Peace with Persia. Victories of Belisarius over the Vandals in Africa. Giliimer defeated; Carthage taken. Publication of the Digest or Pandects.
- 534 Giliimer led in triumph by Belisarius to Constantinople. End of the domination of the Vandals in Africa, having lasted 105 years. Death of the young King of Italy, Athalaric. Marriage of his mother Amalasunta with Theodatus, whom she caused to be crowned. Soon after he poisoned the Queen. Death of Thierry, King of Metz; succeeded by his son Theodebert.
- Defeat of Gondemar King of Burgundy, by the French. Partition and end of that kingdom.
- 535 Justinian declared war against Theodatus to avenge the death of Amalasunta. Dalmatia and Sicily taken from him by Belisarius.
- 536 Revolt of the troops in Africa quelled by Belisarius. Eggs of silk-worms brought from the Indies by two Monks to Constantinople, where the silk-manufactories began. Great success of Belisarius in the South of Italy.
- 537 Rome expelled the Goths, and opened its gates to Belisarius.
- 538 Rome besieged by Vitiges. Pope Sylvester suspected of befriending the Goths, was exiled; but recalled by the Emperor. Vigilius, chosen in his stead, prevailed on Belisarius to banish him again. He died in exile. Illyria laid waste by the Huns; more than 120,000 prisoners carried off.
- 539 Pestilence, war, and famine, afflicted Italy. Vitiges raised the siege of Rome. Milan raised by the Goths; more than 300,000 inhabitants put to the sword.
- 540 Theodebert, King of the French, marched to the assistance of Vitiges. The plague obliged him to retire. Vitiges in Ravenna, besieged, and taken by Belisarius, who sent him prisoner to Constantinople. Belisarius created Patrician, and sent to command on the frontiers of Persia.
- 540 Cassiodorus, a learned minister of state, embraced a monastic life, and composed several works. Chosroes, King of Persia, penetrated into Syria, and granted peace to the Emperor for an annual tribute. The Moors in Africa defeated the Romans, and killed their commander.
- 541 Basilius, the last Consul chosen at Rome or Constantinople. The Roman consulship lasted 1048 years. After this period they reckoned from the consulship of Basilius, till the year 566.
- Theodoric, King of the Goths, killed: followed by Eraric, who was slain, and succeeded by Totila.
- 542 Chosroes obliged by Belisarius to replace the Euphrates. Childbert, King of France, and his brother Cloataire, laid waste Spain, and seized some towns.
- 543 Totila passed the Tiber, seized Camponia, Apulia, and Naples. Chosroes ravaged the Roman territory. Belisarius marched against him, but was, by a contagious malady, obliged to retire. An earthquake almost universal, 6th September.
- 544 Belisarius sent against Totila.
- 545 Tivoli taken by Totila, and all the inhabitants put to the sword.
- 546 Dispute about the celebration of Easter. The towns of Spoleum, Perugia, and others, taken by Totila. Rome besieged.
- 547 Kingdom of Northumberland founded by Ida. Rome taken by Totila; 80,000 of the inhabitants killed: a third part of the walls destroyed; the remainder spared on the remonstrance of Belisarius. The Romans defeated the Goths in Lucania. Belisarius recovered Tarentum, Spoleum, and Rome. Pope Vigilius, ordered to Constantinople by the Emperor, to condemn the three chapters of the works of Theodore, of Mopsuestia, refused, consented, retraced, and prayed the emperor to refer it to a general council. Theodbert, King of Austrasia, or Metz, killed by an accident, and succeeded by Theodebald his son.

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